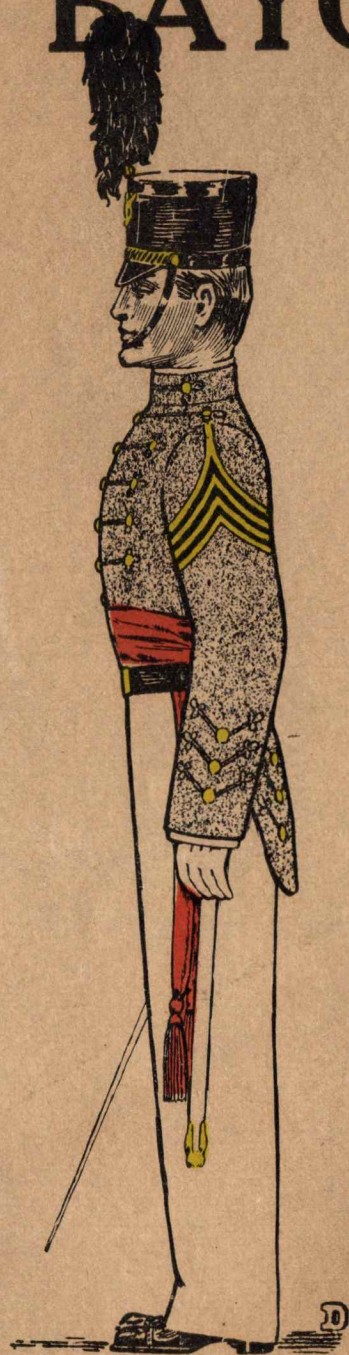


E. W. Trenchard

THE BAYONET



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NOVEMBER, 1916

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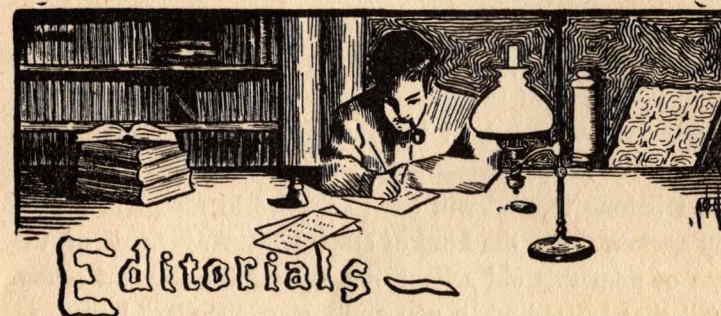
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THE BAYONET

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE CADETS OF THE AUGUSTA MILITARY ACADEMY

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THE fall of 1915 saw the completion of A. M. A.'s new barracks, including the new athletic field, known as the "Clay Bowl." The "Clay Bowl," is one of the best athletic fields among the southern prep schools. It is surrounded by a quarter mile gravel track and within the bowl there is ample room for a football gridiron, two baseball diamonds, and tennis court. On the west it is bounded by a sixteen-foot graded bank, and di-

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rectly in front of the arch, or entrance to the quadrangle there has been erected this past summer, at the expense of the principals, a flight of concrete steps leading from the elevated track to the level of the field proper.

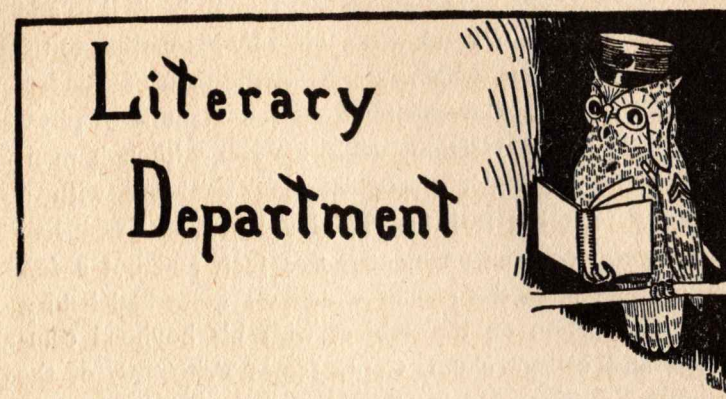
It has recently been proposed by F. J. Gilliam, '13, to construct a stadium around the west side of the bowl, taking the concrete steps as representing the north end, this stadium to be erected in sections costing from seventy-five to one hundred dollars per section. Each class, plus all the men leaving school, at the time of the graduation of the class to bear the cost of one section; beginning with the class of '13. Each section will bear a copper-plate giving the class, the contributors' names and any one important event connected with that particular school year.

Under this plan A. M. A. will in a short time have a beautiful Stadium, not only from an architectural point of view, but from the closer, more intimate point of view of the men who helped to build it. It will represent as long as the school exists a history of the classes that you and I belong to, and will tell to the world far plainer than any spoken word, the kind of stuff A. M. A. is made of, the type of men this old school makes, and the kind of school spirit that existed when you and I were "Roller" boys.

As far as personal cost is concerned, one can easily see that the tax per man is very small. For the last four years, at least fifty boys have left each year. The cost of a section is at most not over one hundred dollars, two dollars per man.

There's not an alumnus of this school or a cadet at present in school, who cannot spare two dollars for a cause as worthy as this one.

NOTE—For more accurate and detailed information, address F. J. Gilliam, Lexington, Va.



The Making of a Man



IN THE chilly half gloom of the early winter evening, a luxurious limousine rolled up and came to a halt in front of a brown-stone mansion on Fifth Avenue.

The young man that emerged and flung away a half-smoked cigarette was dressed in evening clothes of the latest cut. In one hand he carried a handsome walking stick, while in the other, giving evidence of an intended visit with some fair representative of the opposite sex, was a magnificent bunch of select "American Beauty" roses. Ordering the chauffeur to wait for him, he entered the house with a familiarity that showed this was by no means the first meeting.

The man just described was no other than McChesney Van Trask, the wayward spendthrift son of W. P. Van

Trask, the well-know steel magnate. It may be well to add here that young Van Trask was spoiled by his mother to the sorrow of his father, who was a self-made man of wonderful intellect and achievements; a superb example of physical and mental perfection, while his son, although mentally bright, was a cigarette-smoking weakling with a handsome face, but frail body. The elder Van Trask had upon several occasions lamented this fact, and but a few nights previous to the one of which we write had held a long conversation on the subject with his boyhood companion and college chum, Capt. James Pritchard, of the schooner *Nautilus*. During the conversation, the Capt. had remarked that he had turned many young profligates into useful citizens by givin them a trip "before the mast," as he termed it. Nothing had been said of putting McChesney to the test, but one might have noticed that "W. P." had a very preoccupied expression on his face when the conversation ended.

* * * * *

McChesney Van Trask entered the richly furnished parlor of Marion Lansing's home and was soon joined by the girl of his heart. Marion was a beautiful girl of twenty. She was a picture of health and purity; her brunette hair and bewitching complexion unhampered in its pureness by powder and rouge; her ruby lips and sparkling eyes, combined with her youthful form, made of her a perfect picture of feminine loveliness. In fact, Marion Lansing was considered one of the most perfect, if not *the* most perfect, girl in New York.

On this night young Van Trask, thought her, if such were possible, to be more beautiful than he had ever seen

her before. He had come to receive an answer to his proposal of the night before. As they stood facing each other, neither spoke for some time. Then Marion broke the silence. "Mack," she said, "I love you, but you are a weakling, you are poisoning yourself with cigarettes and wine; you have money or at least your father has, but money isn't everything when a woman loves. If you were only stronger and more man-like I would marry you, but as matters stand it is for your good and mine that I should not consent to become your wife."

He left, angry with the world in general and himself in particular.

With a curt "Anywhere," to the chauffeur, he climbed in and continued to revile the world and himself in an attempt to still his conscience. For he knew he was not a man.

It was while they were gliding silently along the dingy water front that several slinking figures sprang noiselessly onto the running-board of the car, and overpowering the chauffeur and young VanTrask, put the latter *hors de combat*, with an application of chloroform and forced the chauffeur to drive on without him.

* * * * *

When Mack came to his senses the first thing he did was to call for his butler, but, of course, no butler appeared; and then he began to wonder where he was. Everything came to him little by little; he remembered Marion's rejection, his anger, his ride along the wharf, his encounter with the unknown men, the chloroform; and then oblivion. "Where was he?" he wondered.

Suddenly he became conscious of a rolling and pitching

motion of the bunk in which he lay, and as the door opened at the far end of the room he saw it all. He had been shanghaied aboard a vessel bound for he knew not where. The room in which he found himself was the greasy, dingy, ill-smelling fo'-castle of the ship, and the bunk which he occupied was not as soft as those he had been accustomed to. As his eyes accustomed themselves to the gloom of the room, he noticed a man, clad in red shirt and trousers several sizes too large, standing near the door, silently surveying him.

The sailor was the first to break the silence. "How d'ye feel by now, son?" he asked kindly. "I feel as though my stomach's turned inside out and I think my head is about ready to burst."

"You'll get over that; only sea-sickness y'know."

"Say, Mister, how——" he got no further.

"Now, look here, stranger, don't ever 'mister' me; my name's plain Sandy McRae, and as we're shippin' together, we might as well git acquainted right now. I guess y'was goin' to ast how you got here. Where you're goin'; where's your clothes; and a lot more I don't know nothin' about. So's to ease your mind, I'll just tell you all I know and then quit."

"Well, shipmate, to begin with you was shangheid and yer now aboard the good ship *Nantilus*, owned and capped by Jim Pritchard, as good a seaman as ever consulted a chronometer. We're bound for Hong Kong with a shipload of wool and cotton products, an' the clothes yer wearing are what yer goin' to wear, cause them cutaway, long-tailed coats, high hats and shiney shoes ain't rough enough for a sailor afore the mast. Now, young feller, jist one more thing

before I go back on deck. Do as yer told and don't talk back to your superiors, for y' know there's always a belaying-pin a-layin' handy for the head that's too hard for orders to dent."

So saying, Sandy McRae went back on deck, leaving McChesney Van Trask to sleep off his sickness and think over his present predicament.

When young Van Trask went on deck the next morning his sickness was gone and as he filled his lungs with the cool, pure air, it exhilarated him wonderfully. As he strolled about the deck feeling like a new man; he heard his name bellowed and turning about he saw whom, he afterwards learned, was the first mate.

"Hey, you hollow-chested, spindle-legged land-lubber, what do you think yer on this ship fer, your health? Come out of that dream and get to work," roared the mate, who was a veritable giant compared with Van Trask.

The young man said nothing until the officer stood before him and then, flinging caution to the wind, he began, "I don't know who you are and I don't care, but if you think you are going to treat me in any such way you are badly mistaken. You have broken the laws of a free country by having me forced upon this ship, and I'm going to have you prosecuted at the first opportunity. I don't inten to——" He got no further, for at this juncture the hard, bony fist of the big mate landed with a terrific blow on his jaw, and he fell like a whipped dog in a heap upon the deck.

Mac had learned his lesson and when he rocovered his senses he immediately set to work with the remainder of the crew, and learned much from watching them. At din-

ner he received his greatest blow! For while the Captain and his mates were off enjoying a well-cooked, substantial meal, the crew was called to the fo'-castle to eat the over-boiled salt beef, which was black, brown, green, and iridescent in spots! Slippery with ptomaines, filthy to the sight, stinking and nauseating! and the two-year-old-potatoes, shriveled before boiling, were hard and soggy, black, blue, and bitter afterward. Such was the meal set before McChesney Van Trask, the only son of W. P. Van Trask, the millionaire steel magnate. As he tried to eat the awful mess, he could not help but think of those delicious meals he had so often eaten at the Waldorf in New York, and the contrast was so nauseating that he could not muster up courage to stay in that greasy hole another minute. Slowly rising, he climbed the ladder amid the jeers of all the crew, except Sandy McRae, whose heart had a tender spot for this unfortunate, pampered son of a millionaire.

For the next three days the crew was kept busy "holystoning" the deck, which to even a seasoned salt is a grueling back-breaking job. "Holystoning" the deck consists in wearing away the accumulate dirt, grease, and slime from the deck by the use of square sand stones called "bibles" and "prayer books," because of their comparative size, the "bible" being a block about a foot or two long, weighing about 60 pounds, while the "prayer-book" is a small sand stone used in scraping the several nooks and crannies aboard the ship that are too small to admit of the use of "bibles," hence the term "Holystoning."

At the end of the third day McChesney's whole body was sore and his hands and knees were masses of blisters. By this time he had learned many things, including the

knack of eating the fo'-castle slop, his ropes, and their positions.

Eighteen months had passed. The crew of the tramp schooner *Nantilus* were in high spirits, and why shouldn't they be? for was not the long voyage to Hong Kong and return to end on the morrow.

It was about the middle of the dog watch, the succeeding morning, that the look-out roared down the companion-way a message that every sailor on a long voyage loves to hear: "Miss Liberty on the port bow", the sweetest words that ever man uttered, according to McChesney's point of view. About ten o'clock they passed quarantine and shortly after the Captain came on deck and opening the slop chest, commenced paying off the crew and returning each man's valuables. There is no surer sign of a long voyage ended than this, and to the water-sick eyes of a sailor, this simple apportioning of money and distribution of clothes takes on a gala day aspect which no other sight can equal.

"Seaman Van Trask," roared the mate. His summons was answered by a young man of medium height, deep chest, broad shoulders, and wind-tanned complexion which made of him a perfect picture of health. He touched his cap respectfully and with the customary sailor "Sir", came to the position known as "Atty", among sailors, which is not unlike the ordinary military position of attention.

Capt. Pritchard handed him two bundles, remarking as he did so, "The larger contains your evening clothes, which you wore when you came aboard eighteen months ago, the smaller contains your valuables, and here is your pay for eighteen months' faithful service at thirty dollars per month. Count it please, there should be five hundred and forty dollars."

Taking the larger of the two bundles to the rail, he smilingly dropped it over the side, saying as he did so: "You cost me two months' wages and now you're not worth two cents, because if you could stretch to twice your size you would never fit me."

When he reached his home he found the news of his arrival had preceded him, and a reception awaited him. When this was ended and he had finished his first real meal in eighteen months, he dressed in one of his father's evening suits and found that it fitted him well. Taking the once rejected diamond with him he went to call on Marion Lansing. When he came away from her home it was without the gem, for it was on the hand of the sweetest girl in the world.

On this same evening W. P. Van Trask entertained Capt. Pritchard, of the tramp schooner *Nautilus* in his down town office, and it is significant that when Capt Pritchard returned to his vessel he carried with him, hid snugly in his great wallet, a check for ten thousand dollars, signed by W. P. Van Trask. On the corresponding stub in the check book one might have found the following entry:

To Capt. Pritchard.

Amt. Ten Thousand dollars (\$10,000.00).

For THE MAKING OF A MAN.

G. M. HANCOCK.

"What Can You Do?"

That's what the world is asking you.

Not who you are,

Nor what you are;

But this one thing the world demands—

What can you do with brains and hands?

What can you do? That is the test

The world requires; as for the rest,

It matters not

Or who, or what

You may have been, or high or low,

The world cares not one whit to know.

What can you do? What can you do?

That's what the world keeps asking you

With trumpet tone

And that alone!

Ah, soul, if you would win, then you

Must show the world what you can do!

Once show the world what you can do,

And it will quickly honor you

And call you great;

Or soon or late,

Before success can come to you,

The world must know what you can do

Up, then, O soul, and do your best!

Meet like a man the world's great test.

What can you do?

Gentile or Jew,

No matter what you are, or who,

Be brave and show what you can do!

An Adventure of Mutt and Jeff



S LINDSEY and his friend, Jonnie Seigle, better known as "Little Jonnie", both of whom were very fond of hunting, set out one morning to explore a thick forest through which flowed a small creek, they discovered a boat and deciding to go in it, left for the swamp. The boys had been told by their grandfathers that this swamp was inhabited by wild beasts and especially panthers, but their minds were not upon this at all and they, not feeling the least bit afraid, ventured deep into the forest.

It was about an hour later when Lindsey said to Jonnie: "Jonnie, I think this a very good place to land and leave our boat." To this Jonnie consented and in a few minutes the boat was tied and the boys, with their guns in hand, started into the reeds and rushes. They went but a short way before they discovered a path which was traveled by some animal. They being very eager to find out what kind of an animal this was, followed, with much difficulty, the path until they came to a small mountain at the foot of which the path seemed to be divided, one path going one way and the other the other way. Lindsey, after standing on his toes and viewing the country for several miles around, saw that the paths wound around the mountain toward each other. "Jonnie," said Lindsey, "I believe if you go one way and I the other we will meet on the other side of the hill and then we can go ahead and see where the path leads." They agreed upon this and, after deciding that if, after an hour, they did not meet, they were to return from where they started, they put out, Jonnie going one path and Lindsey the other.

After walking almost an hour Lindsey, who by this time had grown tired, sat down and propped himself against a reed to rest. He sat there but a few minutes before he fell fast asleep, where he remained until late in the afternoon.

Jonnie, after walking his hour, discovered nothing, so turned around and came back to the place from which he had started, but Lindsey was not to be seen, so after waiting a few minutes he went down to the boat where he had decided to wait for Lindsey. He waited and waited, but Lindsey did not come. In the meantime Lindsey had awakened and, finding it late in the afternoon, made all manner of haste to get back to the place where he had left Jonnie that morning, but in doing this he failed to watch the path he came, so took the wrong one back. He walked about an hour before discovering this, but as it was nearly night he decided to take a short cut through the reeds. After walking about ten minutes a faint cry caught his ear. Upon hearing this he leaped with joy and with all manner of haste he made for the place where the cry came from.

Jonnie, by this time, had grown uneasy and started home to spread the news that Lindsey had been lost in the swamp. It took him but a short time to reach home and spread the news and in a short time a small body of men with guns and lights started on the search.

By this time Lindsey had searched the place from whence he thought the cry came, but not finding Jonnie there, he gave a loud whoop, as he thought this would give him an opportunity to find Jonnie. His whoop was answered, but to his surprise it was answered by three panthers instead of Jonnie. Lindsey, being very light and tall, gathered all his strength together and with one powerful

spring landed in the top of a tall cedar tree. The panthers came after him like a hurricane, but the first one that attempted to climb the tree was sent, by a bullet from Lindsey's gun, crashing to the ground. The second was met in the same way, but the third was just knocked down from the blow of the gun, which had slipped from Lindsey's hand and fell to the ground. In the meantime some hornets in their nest in a nearby tree, thinking themselves disturbed too much by the newcomers, decided to go out and chase them away. The panther being the nearest to them, they lit on his back in a swarm, and stung with all their might, which almost frightened the animal to death. With loud yelps he leaped to his feet and ran off through the woods.

The men who were searching for Lindsey after hearing the report of his gun, and the crying of the panther in a few minutes made their way to the place where Lindsey sat crouched in the tree and in a short time Lindsey was down and among his friends who saw him safely home.

For France



HE purr and drone of his large Gnome motor seemed to Etienne Deleplane, as he sped along in the large Deperdussin monoplane, to repeat the two words which had been uppermost in his mind for the last few minutes. "For France, for France," droned the motor at each turn of the propeller; and it was indeed for his dearly beloved France that he had undertaken the mission in which so many had failed before him; that of destroying the fortress of Kurum Kali, key to the lower Dardenelles.

Delaplace, now 25 years of age, had at the age of 21 been rejected as physically unfit when his class joined the colors to serve their three-year term of enlistment.

The great war had been going on now for nearly two years and ever since the declaration of war in August, 1914 Delaplace had used every means in his power to persuade the war department to muster him into active service. But the war department could not be influenced and as a result he was unable to don the uniform in which his father had fought so gallantly in 1870, the same foes against which France was now engaged. Still he did not despair and at last was able through influence, although not without difficulty, to obtain a position as mechanic in the aeroplane squadron detailed to the Dardanelles.

Just recently his pilot, the renowned Pégoud, famed for being the first to attempt the loop-the-loop and succeed, had been shot down by Turkish anti-aircraft guns, while attempting to destroy Kurum Kali. The death of Pégoud had left Deleplane in charge of one of the two aeroplanes to which every pilot in the French aviation corps is enti-

tled; and it was while waiting to be transferred with his dead pilot's remaining machine to some other post, that the dangerous and reckless idea of destroying the fortress which had kept even the British super-dreadnaught, *Queen Elizabeth*, the pride of the English Navy, at bay, entered his head. Disregarding explicit orders, Delaplace had taken the air two hours before in the heroic Pégoud's Deperdussen monoplane.

Glancing over the side of the flying machine, Deleplace could see far below and ahead of him the fortress, which he intended to destroy. For a distance of fifteen miles out in the sea surrounding the heretofore-invincible fortress lay the allied fleet, pouring a never-ceasing rain of death-dealing missiles at the stumbling block of their hopes, Constantinople.

Nearer and nearer approached the speedy flying machine and Delaplace made preparations to release the bombs which were to destroy Kurum Kali. He could see now the Turks far below him hurriedly manning their anti-aircraft guns and, adjusting some levers, he prepared to pass directly over the spot where the Turkish flag waved mockingly in the air and under which he knew lay the magazine of the Turkish fort. Now, as he passed over the spot he looked down to make sure of his aim, and reached over to release the all-destroying missiles.

* * * * *

"Praised be Allah," breathed Enver Bey, the commander of Kurum Kali, pale from the excitement under which he had been laboring, as the big Deperdussen monoplane, now directly over the fortress, wavered and fell to the ground,

shot down by the guns of His Majesty's Ship *Invincible*, lying just outside the range of Kurum Kali's guns.

* * * * *

"Splendid shot; congratulations, Powell," said Capt. Durmond, of H. M. S. *Invincible*, "must of been some German or Turk reconnoitering. Good thing, Sir Hamilton issued orders this morning that none of our aircraft should take the air today or we might have mistaken it for one of our own machines."

F. S. BANKHARDT.

To A. M. A.

Nestled in the heart of Virginia
Is a barracks, huge and gray,
And the boys who march
Through that stone-laid arch
Are the Cadets of A. M. A.
And ever they lead to victory
With their colors lifted high
So, men, be true
To the White and Blue
May its glory never die.

So honor the men who are fighting
To hold up a glorious name:
A name that will stand
All over the land
For good-fellowship, honor, and fame.
Make it a school to be proud of
And, at some future day
You will be glad
That you have had
Your chance at A. M. A.

Now drink to old "Augusta"
And the flag that flies over her
And waves so fair
In the mountain air;
Drink to the men who love her,
For soon enough the time will come
When forever we must part
So never forget
You've been a cadet
And you've got a soldier's heart.

When you have grown older
And years have rolled away
If you're asked by the host
To give a toast
May you drink to A. M. A.
Drink to the time that you have spent
Within that massive wall
With Captain G.,
And Private C.
Drink to them one and all.

V. W. W.

"Guess Who" Contest

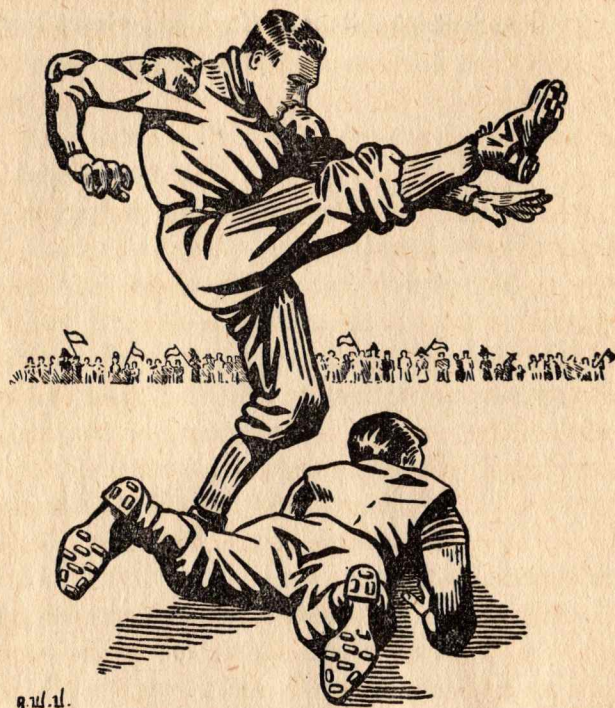
THE BAYONET staff regrets to announce that none of A. M. A.'s boasted sages could successfully answer the "Guess Who" contest published in the October BAYONET.

The list and correct answers are as follows:

1. Part of the body, and a personal pronoun. Cadet Back-us.
2. A valuable institution, and an organ of the body. Cadet Bank-hardt.
3. A good man. Cadet Christian.
4. Having one of the qualities of an owl. Cadet Wise.
5. A kind of neckwear. Cadet Black-stock.
6. Fox-like. Cadet Wiley.
7. One who makes cloth. Cadet Weaver.
8. An actor of old time fame. Cadet Barrett.
9. A color. Cadet Brown.
10. Not idle or lazy. Cadet Thrift.
11. Samson-like. Cadet Strong.
12. A gentle rain. Cadet Sprinkel.
13. An old time hunter and trapper. Cadet Crockett.
14. An ornament for a window. Cadet Curtain.
15. A very small plant. Cadet Sprigg.
16. A famous actress. Cadet Russell.
17. A candy. Cadet Fudge.
18. A chicken. Cadet Fowle.
19. What a cowboy must be. Cadet Roper. . .
20. Old clothes and a small valley. Cadet Rags-dale.
21. Heaps. Cadet Pyle.
22. Inhabitants of graveyards. Cadet Hance.
23. A measure. Cadet Hogshead.
24. A country. Cadet Ireland.

25. A famous prize-fighter. Cadet Johnson.
26. What all little boys should be. Cadet Goode.
27. A cookie. Cadet Pancake.
28. A stream, and a toilet article. Cadet River-comb.
29. A maker of fountain-pens. Cadet Parker.
30. An ancient inhabitant of England. Cadet Norman.

FOOT BALL



W. D. CASWELL
W. H. EGGBOM



ANY ONE who has followed closely the games played by A. M. A. this year will admit they have been marked by grit, a strong defense and a large amount of endurance. But all of these factors cannot win for any team when that changeable demon known as luck is against it.

We, as a corps, should be proud of our plucky, hard-fighting team, which has been outweighed in every contest, yet undaunted in spirit fought all the harder to overcome these odds. Although our record up to date in games is won none and tied one, this goes to prove nothing, as the greatest, the Kable game, is yet to come. This annual Turkey Day clash in Staunton with the boys from Hilltop should prove fast and interesting and one that will impress upon the spectators that our team is "little but loud," as that well known saying goes. So let us forget the defeats we have met in the past and look forward to this future event, since luck cannot always be against us.

One of the greatest aids to the success of this or any team is the manifestation of school spirit in the form of cheering shown by the student body. Our corps in the past has responded as readily in defeat as in victory. So if this excellent cheering is continued it will be one of the greatest helps in that "coming game." It is up to us as a corps to lend all in our power in this line to encourage our team and by so doing bring to them the honor and praise which they deserve.

On Saturday, October 21st, our team journeyed to Charlottesville and sprung a surprise on the strong team from Woodberry by holding them to a 0 to 0 tie. It was thought from a spectator's point of view that the heavy Woodberry eleven would easily defeat the much lighter Roller team. But when the whistle blew, A. M. A. showed that they could offer successful resistance, and it was evident that the boys from Woodberry would not have such an easy "walk-over" as they expected. During most of the game the ball was in Roller's territory, but Woodberry failed to score, because

of our strong defense, which time and time again kept the heavier team from making what they thought a sure touch-down. On the offense we were unable to make any head-way into Woodberry territory on account of their superior weight. The game was interesting throughout. Balthis starring for A. M. A. and Mercer for Woodberry.

The line-up was as follows:

<i>A. M. A.</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>Woodberry</i>
Stephenson	L. E.	Mercer (Capt.)
Davis, C.	L. T.	Knowles
Scott, N.	L. G.	Dabney
Hogshead	C.	Taliaferro
Scott, W.	R. G.	Scott, R.
Oppleman	R. T.	Hillyer
Diuguid	R. E.	Chessman
Balthis (Capt.)	Q. B.	Baker
Roper	L. H.	Pinyear
Antrim	R. H.	Carroll
McWorter	F. B.	Williams

Substitutes for A. M. A.: Mell for Stephenson; Brown for Scott, W.; Quinlin for Davis, C.; Christian, E. for Roper.

Substitutes for Woodberry: Unknown.

Umpire: Haner, of Episcopal High School.

Referee: McWhorter, of U. Va.

Head Linesman: Thurman, of U. Va.

Timers: Schneider and Wood, of U. Va.

Length of Quarters: 10 minutes.

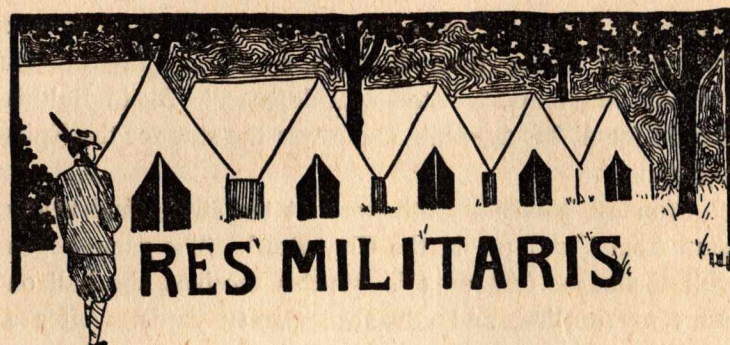
On October 28th our team made one of the longest trips of the season to play Episcopal High School, at Alexandria. Again superior weight showed and we were defeated by

a score of 13 to 0. The game was clean and hard fought throughout. Many times E. H. S. tried for gains through our line, but found a "stonewall defense." Again Balthis starred for A. M. A., while Dunn was the star for the Episcopalians.

Monday, November 6th, we met the strong and heavy team from Fishburne in the Clay Bowl. The game began with Fishburne kicking off. Balthis received the ball on our ten-yard line, and advanced twenty yards. After a number of short gains, we lost the ball on downs. Fishburne met with the same results, and the ball went over, Antrim making a gain of thirty yards. A. M. A. then lost ball on a fumble. Quarter ended with the ball on A. M. A.'s five-yard line.

At the beginning of the second quarter Balthis was temporarily injured and Roper went in at quarter-back. The Waynesboro team then scored in spite of stubborn resistance, and Snedegar kicked goal. A. M. A. receives kick-off, and gains but a few yards and while near their goal fumbles, which enables Fishburne to make a safety. With the ball on our thirty-yard line Snedegar attempts to drop kick, but fails. Second quarter ends with the ball in A. M. A.'s possession, and the score 9 to 0, Fishburne's favor.

Second half started with A. M. A. kicking off to Fishburne, and then followed a rapid change of the ball from one side to another. Christian, E., seemed to be the greatest ground gainer for A. M. A., but during the third quarter Fishburne again scored by intercepting a forward pass. The game ended with the score 16 to 0 in Fishburne's favor. Stars for A. M. A. were Antrim and Christian, E.; for F. M. S., Snedegar.



THE results of the past month's drill have been very gratifying to both the tactical and cadet officers, who have done their very best to make our advancement as rapid as possible. From the present outlook we expect to make an excellent showing in Staunton on Thanksgiving Day, as we march through the streets before and after the game. Thus far we have had ideal weather, and we hope to have Battalion Drill well in hand before winter approaches, then we shall be obliged to change our drills to Butts' Manual on the stoops.

We regret very much that the equipment which was to be issued to us by the government during the early part of last summer, has not yet arrived. This delay is due to the need by the government of its entire equipment to supply the troops on the border. However, we should make the best of this, as we cannot hope for the equipment until border conditions improve.

Capt. Humphreys, who is one of our tactical officers, and in charge of the calisthenics, has recently passed the army examination and is expecting orders to report for duty sometime within the next few days. His loss will be deeply

felt, as he was an able assistant in conducting our drills. We all wish for him the highest success during his career in the service.

Special Orders

HEADQUARTERS CORPS OF CADETS A. M. A.

SPECIAL ORDER No 17

The Tactical Officers will have charge of the drills in the following order: Capt. Jacob, as assistant commandant, will be in charge at all special ceremonies and at all times when the battalion is marched away from the school as a whole. Capt. Jacob will also have the general supervision over all drills and will personally be in charge of all battalion and company manouvers.

Capt. Robinson will have charge of all Butts' Manual Drills.

Capt. Humphreys will be in charge of setting-up exercises and Military Calisthenics.

Capt. Fraser will be in charge of all squad drills.

HEADQUARTERS CORPS CADETS A. M. A.

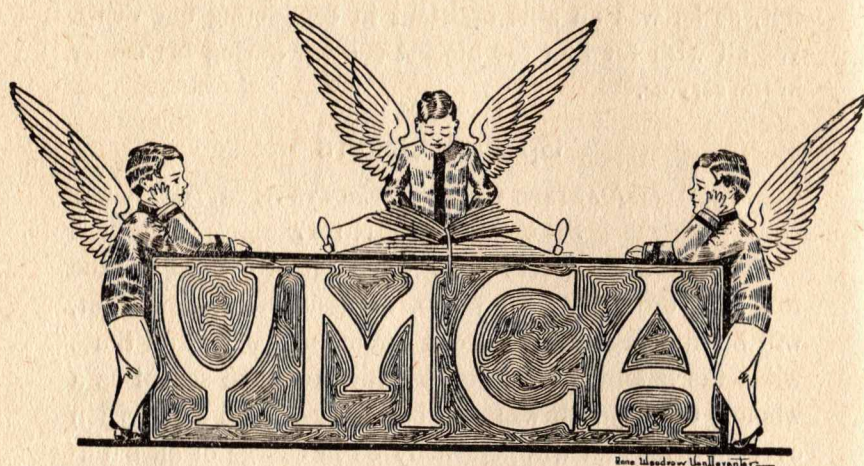
SPECIAL ORDER No. 19.

1st. For continued trifling in ranks and unmilitary conduct Cadet Corporal Berliner is hereby reduced to ranks.

2nd. To be 4th Corporal of C. Co., Cadet Norman.

By order of

MAJOR ROLLER, C. C. C.



WE HAVE had several very interesting meetings of the Y. M. C. A. this year and good attendance, but still we are not satisfied; we are trying to help you and you can help us by coming more regularly.

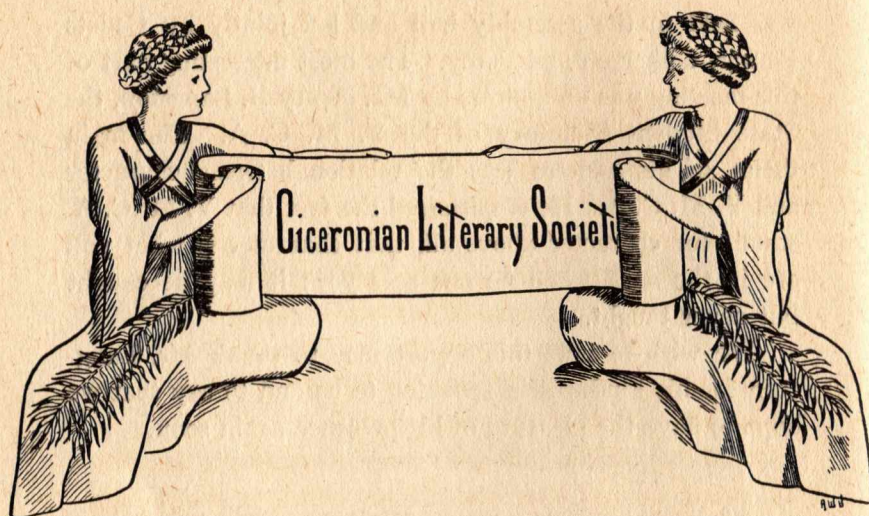
A meeting of the Y. M. C. A. officers was held recently and it was decided that the new cadets would not be compelled to attend the meetings as has been the custom heretofore, but they are requested to do so. We would be very glad if more old cadets would come. The meetings are not very long, they hardly ever last over twenty minutes.

Most of the dues have been paid up but there are still some who have not paid and we would be very glad if they would do so, as there will be great need of the money at Christmas. The fee is only one dollar, but if you can't pay it all at once then pay it in installments.

On Thursday, November the second, a special meeting

was held in the assembly hall and led jointly by Cadets Parker, Gilkerson and Percy. The most interesting part of this meeting was an address by Mr. Henry B. Langston, the State Student Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. The main theme of his address was the relation between character and Y. M. C. A. He emphasized the fact that Y. M. C. A. stands for character above all, that character is what you are in the dark when no one sees you; it may be caught but never taught.

We wish to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Langston for his kindness in speaking to us and to say that we hope to have the pleasure of his presence again soon.



AT A meeting held by Major Roller, on Wednesday, November 15th, 1916, The Ciceronian Literary Society was organized for the coming year.

The officers for 1916-17 are as follows:

President—W. D. Caswell.

Vice Pres.—W. G. Scott.

Sec. and Treas.—R. D. Jones.

Sergeant at Arms—John Lemoine.

Mr. Jones has selected a very interesting subject for the first debate and the opening meeting promises to be one of unusual interest to all.

Social



OUR Hallowe'en Dance held on the night of October 30th was probably one of the best informal dances given at the Academy in years.

The committees are to be congratulated on the decorations which were arranged to give a tinge of Autumn with its corn shocks, pumpkins and colored leaves. Over the lights were shades of Halloween paper which cast a soft, mellow glow down upon the gay throng of dancers.

Most wonderful music was furnished by Colgan's Orchestra that enlivened the whole dance.

Delightful fruit punch was served throughout the evening, while during the intermission delicious sandwiches were passed around. Over near the serving table surrounded by pumpkins and ears of corn was a big barrel of red apples.

Those dancing were: Miss Maggie Bell Roller with Capt. Robinson, Miss King Nelson with Capt. Gallagher, Miss Evelyn Hoge with Cadet Antrim, Miss Ellen Howison with Cadet Gilkeson, Miss Elsie Morris with Cadet Warner, V., Miss Fair Searson with Cadet Percy, Miss Elizabeth Bradley with Cadet Carter, A., Miss Evelyn Lambert with Cadet Adkisson, Miss Helen Patterson with Mr. Robert Crawford, Miss Virginia Mosely with Cadet Anderson, Miss Helen Moores with Cadet Stephenson, Miss Laura Ward Wise with Cadet Hogshead, Miss Mary Preston Hanger with Cadet Jones, Miss Carrie Sublett with Cadet Alt, Miss Louise Root with Mr. Robert Goodwin, Miss Emily Moseley with Cadet Brown, Miss Anne Bosworth with Cadet Balthis and Miss Nancy Pond with Cadet

Nalle, Miss Elizabeth Faw with Cadet Parker, Miss Mary Braxton with Cadet Bankhardt.

The chaperones were: Col. and Mrs. T. J. Roller, Maj. and Mrs. C. S. Roller, Mrs. S. D. Timberlake, Mrs. A. M. Howison, Mrs. C. K. Hoge, Mrs. L. K. Mooers, Mrs. C. K. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Byers and Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Walker.

The stags were: Cadets Roper, Hays, Scott, W., Estes, Russel, Christian, E., and Lewis.

On the afternoon of October 28th about one hundred of the corps of cadets were allowed to go to Staunton to see the famous moving picture production, "The Birth of a Nation," shown at the New Theatre. As soon as the cadets had all arrived they marched into the theatre. There were also representatives from Mary Baldwin and Stuart Hall Seminaries, which in themselves provided a treat for the optic nerves.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Old Stone Church held on November 4th a Halloween supper here. The food served was of the very best which the fertile Valley of Virginia produces. The house was decorated in the usual Hallowe'en style, which added greatly to the gayety of the occasion.

On Thursday evening, November 16th, Col. and Mrs. T. J. Roller held a "get-acquainted" reception for the "Faculty" of A. M. A.

After a most delightful supper, the guests enjoyed several hands of "Bridge." Capt. Humphreys being the greatest winner in that, he managed to learn the why and wherefore of the game.

Those present were Col. and Mrs. T. J. Roller, Mrs. C.

S. Roller, Jr., Miss Maggie Bell Roller, Mrs. Johnson, and Captains Robinson, Fraser, Lane, Gallagher, Massie, Carter, Yarborough, Jacob and Humphreys.

The cadet corps wish to express their thanks to Cadet W. W. Durant, '15, for his gift of forty-three books to the A. M. A. library. Many cadets at present enrolled can vouch for the reading value of these books, having spent many pleasant hours in reading them.

Visitors

Mr. Conrad and family visited their son, Cadet Conrad on October 22.

Mr. Anderson has been a frequent visitor to his son during the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Pancake were visitors to Cadet Pancake on October 22.

Mr. Seigel and family are constant visitors to their son, Cadet Seigel, on Sundays.

Mr. E. L. Lindsey, of Alexandria, spent a few days with his brother, Cadet Lindsey.

Mr. E. Wilton and family looked over the new barracks on the 28th of October.

Mrs. Warner was a visitor to her sons for a few days.

Misses Evelyn Hoge, Helen Patterson, Virginia Mosely, Helen Moores and Mary Preston Hanger came down to see the Fishburne game and were welcome guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Runnels have paid a great many visits to their son during the month.

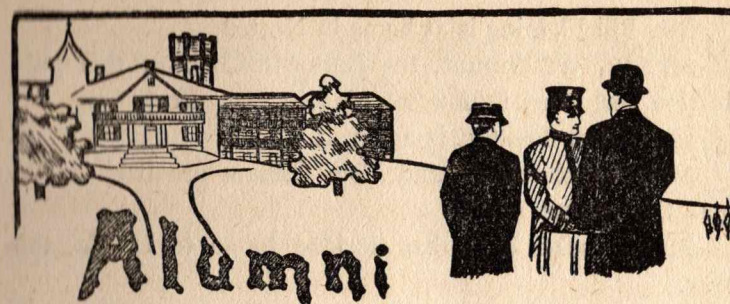
Mrs. Nixdorf, of Winchester, Va., came to see her son the 6th of November.

Mrs. Taylor, with relatives, visited Cadet Taylor on the 9th of November.

On November 11th the cadets were delighted in seeing the following Alumni, who are now V. M. I. cadets: Hawkins, Finley, Hearn, McCabe,, Jennings and Curtis; with them were Cadets Radford and McGifferd.

Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy dropped in to see their son on the 25th of October.

AUSTIN CAPERTON.



We are always glad to hear from our "old fellows," and a few of them account for themselves in the following manner:

Mr. W. F. Revercomb, whom we all know as "Sea Captain," is working in Covington, Va.

Mr. Winter Ferguson is attending Cornell this year.

Mr. Brown Patterson and Mr. P. C. Brooks are attending V. P. I.

"Pap" Welton is with the rest of A. M. A. boys at U. W. Va.

Our old friend "Woodie" Robinson has recently become a Benedict.

Mr. "Jack" Stratton is working in Denver, Col.

Mr. George Temple is working in Danville, Va.

Mr. Samuel Edwards is making good at the University of Iowa.

Mr. "Poon" Birsdorfer is going to school in Freedom, Pa.

Mr. Robert Lowe is in Richmond this year.

Mr. J. T. Saunders is working with Du Pont at Hopewell.

Mr. Zan Cochran finds the Border quite different from A. M. A.

Mr. Bill Fleming is at home in Norten.

Mr. W. W. Durant, the Editor-in-Chief of this publication last year, is now working in New York City.

Mr. Grant Preston is again at U. Va.

Messrs. John Welt and Tom Gilliam are back at W. & L. this winter.

Mr. "Duck" Boyd has decided to go to U. Va. this year.

Mr. Charley Ireland is working in his home town, Greensboro, N. C.

Mr. J. T. Thriller is again at V. P. I., and likes it fine.

Religious and Political Census of A. M. A.

Democratic	127
Republican	50
Socialist	2
Progressive	1
Independent	2
Baptist	20
Methodist	37
Presbyterian	65
Episcopalian	37
Reformed Church	4
Christian Church	2
Lutheran	4
Spiritualist	4
Catholic	4
Jewish	1
No Church	4



By HARWOOD, E.

THE BAYONET is always glad to see any old friends back among us, and before the next issue is sent to press we hope to see many more. We will gladly welcome any newcomers that would like to exchange with us.

Everybody knows that from papers of other schools we often get new ideas that help us to improve ours, and from their criticisms we find faults that we have probably overlooked. The Staff of THE BAYONET welcomes any criticism as an aid to improvement, whether it praises or finds fault with our various departments, and not merely as something to "knock" our paper. We well know that criticism is not only the art of picking out the bad points in any paper, or anything else, but also of finding the good ones. When we see the opinions of other papers, we try to profit by them and work harder to improve on our paper. When you see anything in our paper that you do not think is up to the standard, or could be improved on, let us know.

The Monthly Chronicle, of Alexandria, is a very good paper; the exchange department being especially good. However, the "Athletics" could be improved by fuller descriptions of the games.

The Focus, of Farmville, has a good literary department; but the paper could be improved by a few more jokes.

Stampede, Havre, Montana. Your jokes are very good, and the story "Destiny" also; but a little short.

The Sage, of Greensboro High, has too many short stories. A smaller number with a little more length to each would improve the literary department.

We also received:

College Topics, University of Virginia.

Ring-tum Phi, Washington & Lee.

The Taj, Harrisonburg High.

The Record, Staunton High.

Cadet, Virginia Military Institute.

"Pap" Lewis Says:

I have been wonderin' all along what caused so many of you keydets to wear long mournful go-to-meetin' faces. I guess it must be 'cause the Christmas dance don't come till the eighth this year.

But you all don't need to mind a little thing like that; just think, in a little while you're goin' to have a real-sure-nough army officer with lots of spangels and gold braid, and a bunch of new guns and a new C. G. belt and all kinds of new equipment. I know 'cause Colonel Roller said so, and I heard him say the same time that the comin' of this army man, would in no way change the method of the school, nor its routine of work. What do you think of that?

And 'nother thing. Does any you all know how many "Roller" boys are playing top-knotch football for Universities throughout the State? No, course not. Well, old "pap" does. There's thirteen of 'em: Nelms, Leech, Hawkins, and Silverstein poundin' the line for V. M. I.; Hogshead, diggin' right along over at Hampden-Sidney, Churchman passing the pig-skin for University of Virginia, Rawlings and Gilliam vieng for honors at Washin'ton and Lee; Gardner raisin' the roof over at V. P. I., and Mathias leading the crowd at "Georgia Tech."; Close, William and Mary; Christian, Randolph-Macon.

And 'nother thing. I heard several folks in the past couple of weeks commenting on this year's band, saying how good it was, and what good workers all the band men was, and what progress had been made, and how we was goin' to show up Kable's band on Thanksgiving day. Oh,

everybody's just been throwin' that old A. M. A. band taffy from all directions. Why, I even heard Colonel Roller say that this year's band could play better now than last year's could in March. What do you think of that! Ain't that a name worth workin' for? Well, I guess yes. Just keep right on tootin' and pretty soon you won't have to toot so often, or so much. Old "pap" knows.



Jokes

"SPEAKING OF BRIGHT REMARKS"

Capt. Carter: "Thrift, what is dentistry?"

Thrift: "Don't know, sir."

Capt. Carter: "What do you know?"

Thrift: "Don't know, sir."

"A NEW MONARCH"

Walker, in Colonel's spelling class, gave the following definition:

Ragamuffin: "The title of a "Russian" monarch."

Captain Massie gave a test on Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter*, and one of the questions was, "What caused Rev. Dimmersdale's death?" A certain cadet submitted the following:

"Dimmersdale died of old man Chillingworth's drugs and friendship."

A NEW PHENOMENON

Capt. Carter: "Lindsey, what is dew?"

Lindsey: "Saturated Evaporation."

Capt. Jacob: "Egbert, what is a parallelogram?"

Egbert: "A left triangle."

Band Instructor: "Houston, act as Drum Major to-day."

Houston: "Pyle, lend me your drum."

Capt. Carter: "Lindsey, you have become so apt at not knowing things that is almost reflex action."

Lindsey: "I can't help moving a little, Captain, I got itch powder inside my shirt."

"WASTE EFFORT"

1. Lindsey tried for half an hour to make 1 X 100 equal 1000.
2. Anderson tried to tell "Major" that he could lift himself by pulling on his shoe strings.
3. Chewing "Bull Durham."
4. Guard Duty.
5. Attempting to sneak on the faculty.
6. Attempting to get by without studying.
7. Trying to drill and dream of home.
8. "Fords," daily pilgrimage to the fort.
9. Ely's arguments.
10. "Wise's Band work.
11. Wangenstein's bugling.
12. Attempting to prove to Major that he is wrong.
13. Answering "Curtain's" questions.
14. Davis, C.'s dancing.
15. Taylor's mandolin playing.
16. Scott, N's talking.
17. Alt's singing.
18. Montgomery's twenty-four-page letters.
19. Durant's harshness toward "Rats." (Oh deah.)
20. Trying to beat Boots out of a jit.
21. Carter, A.'s beauty treatment.

DUMBNESS IN THE NTH DEGREE

A certain second-year man claims that a new cadet told him the following on the condition that he would never retell it:

Rat: "You know I slipped one over on Capt.———. I got a peep at his grade book and saw a I beside my name, I knew I deserved more than that, so I just changed it to a VI."

Runnels (Discussing prohibition): Capt., what are you, wet or dry?"

Capt.: I'm dry just at present.

WHY MAJOR GETS MAD

Major: Pulliam, what is digestion?

Pulliam: "Digestion is a pain in your stomach, when you don't chew your food."

CAPT. JACOB, ATTENTION!

Officer: "Hawkins, who is your front rank man?"

Hawkins: "The man in front of me, sir."

WE OFTEN WONDER

How Davis, L., managed to get on the "Fresh Air."

Why Ely buys so many books on "Wrestling."

Where "Hance" gets all his wind.

Where "Oney" Oney gets all his authority.

Where Percy gets all his honey.

How Gibson gets all his guard-duty.

What happened to Griffin at S. M. A.

Where Scott, W., was when the train stopped at Alexandria.

Why iodine is used to cure stomachache.

Where Egbert gets all his money.

Why cadets can't go to Boot's store on Sunday.
 Why the lights went out at the last dance.
 Why Lindsey doesn't break in two.
 Why Caswell don't buy a bath tub in place of a cuspidore.

Why Colonel stopped the music at the last dance.
 Why Lemoine is called "Ely Weely."
 Why we never hear any midnight coo-coos.
 Why Bayles quit the band.
 Why Stephenson doesn't get a hair cut.
 Where Eggborn found his poem.
 What Holdorness, G., has against the rats.
 Why Robertson, M., goes to "Sidney."
 What becomes of Adkisson on Saturday night.
 Why cadets (especially old men) have such a desire to see "Bald Rock" on Sunday afternoon.
 Why Berliner is so down-hearted.
 Why Crockett can't learn to count.
 Why Mell can't sleep at night.
 Why Taylor is sore with Major.
 Why Wangenstein's so lazy.
 Why Antrim is called "Pinkie."
 What became of Hancock's fudge.
 What is so attractive about the Pullman Co.'s drawing rooms.

Capt. Fraser (in Chemistry): What is the difference between analysis and synthesis?"

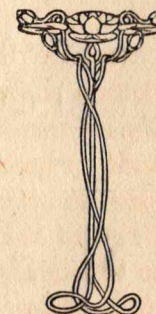
Pack (after deep thought): Capt., I've forgotten the properties of those acids.

Voice (in Chemistry class): Capt., do we get a holiday on inauguration day?"

Doehill (brilliantly): "We did yast year."

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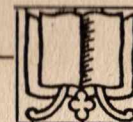
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